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JOKES.

OTHER FEATURES.

# The Standard & Vanity Fair

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THE OLDEST  
THEATRICAL  
PAPER  
PUBLISHED FOR  
THE PUBLIC.

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## STUDYING HARD AT DOOLITTLE COLLEGE.

SUSIE PITT AND FAY TINCHE, WHO ARE *TOTE FLAGG* AND *CHIP CHASE* AT THIS SEAT OF LEARNING (FOUNDED BY JOE WEBER), CEASE THEIR ARDUOUS RESEARCH INTO GREEK PARADIGMS FOR A FEW MOMENTS TO POSE FOR A PHOTOGRAPH. THE CURRICULUM OF DOOLITTLE COLLEGE IS EXPLAINED MORE FULLY IN "HIP! HIP! HOORAY!" AT WEBER'S THEATER, WHERE SEVERAL OTHER EQUALLY STUDIOUS AND EQUALLY SHAPELY STUDENTS MAY EASILY BE SEEN.



# THE STANDARD & VANITY FAIR

Vol. XL. No. 952.  
NOVEMBER 15, 1907.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

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## IMPORTANT NOTICE

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### SIS HOPKINS' SAYINGS.

By ROSE MELVILLE.

Many a girl meets her fate at a lawn fete.

Ma says Noah called his wife an arkangel.

It is a big feat for some boys to learn how to dance.

Pa says it takes a pushing man to enjoy following the plow.

The criminal has, at least, the courage of his convictions.

Ma says the best time to keep your mouth shut is at an auction.

Pa says assertion is not proof—but that exertion will find it.

Pa says it is a pity that the sign in front of a saloon shouldn't Bacchus.

When a woman owns a well-bred goat it is little wonder that it should butt her.

Ma says there would be more genius in the world if there wasn't so many lazy men.

## IT WAS A STRENUOUS DAY AROUND THE



1 The lady was out shopping. Yes. She was going over to Twenty-third street, but she became much annoyed by the strenuousness of one of the street cleaners who swept the dust of the square onto her nice new shoes and her expensive skirt. She remonstrated. She remonstrated with an eloquent flow of words.

THE STANDARD.

3

VANITY FAIR.

## FLATIRON BUILDING, AND MANY THINGS HAPPENED.



2 But what good did that do? The saucy street cleaner, in reply to the remonstrances of the lady, plied her broom with so much greater strenuousness that the dust flew thicker than ever. The bottom of her skirt was terribly soiled. Of course she was too much of a lady to swear right out loud in Madison Square, but what she thought would certainly not look well in type. She called over another street cleaner and demanded protection.



### HERE'S THE MANAGER.

Who, the gentleman? No, the lady! It's Beatrice Liddell, and she's the manager of the Pony Ballet which appears in "The Girl Behind the Counter." She makes the engagements, sees that the others are housed properly and bosses the act. Just to show you how the smallest theatrical manager in the world looks, a man is placed beside her.



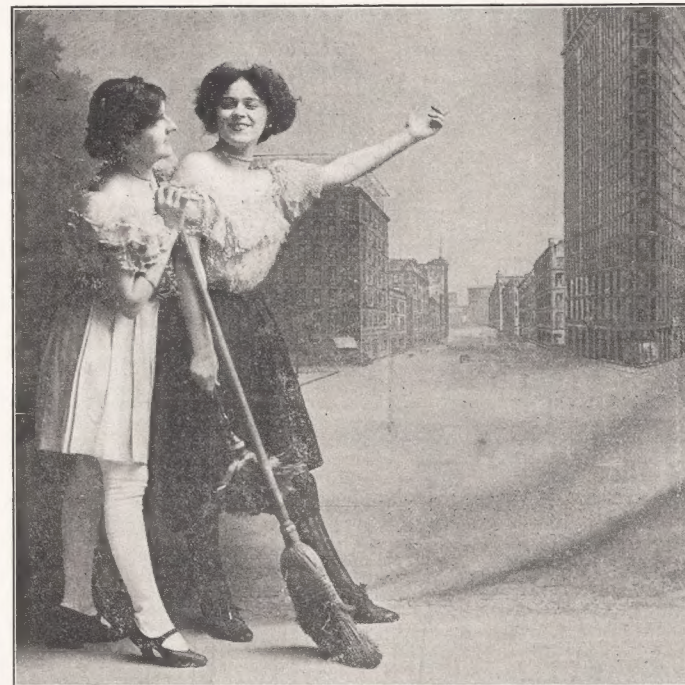
3 What did the other street cleaner do? Did she rebuke the first street cleaner, tell her she ought to be ashamed of herself and offer to clean the lady's dress? She did not! She only made matters worse. Bending down she in turn raised so much more dust that the lady's skirt was completely ruined, and if it hadn't been for the fact—already recorded—that she was a perfect lady, much language would have ensued! We say, much language would infallibly, certainly and indubitably have ensued!



Have You Read

"THE MAN WITH THE GRIP" ?

See adv. on another page of this issue.



4 Well, the lady departed in dudgeon to get her skirt cleaned, and when she'd gone, the two street cleaners got together and laughed. Actually laughed! "Look at the Flatiron Building," said one to the other; "isn't it dusty?" "Yes," replied the other, "what do you think we'd better do about it?" "Let's dust it off!" So they—but see next page.

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THE EYES HAVE IT.



THE NOSE HAS IT.



THE SOUL HAS IT.

### ELOISE LEE'S FACE PHASES.

Eloise is a beautiful artist's model who has more expression in her face than a church organ has in its pipes. Eloise is not averse to an occasional bumper of Ruinart Brut, and then her eyes are radiant indeed, but she is quite conservative about it. Quite conservative.

### IF YOU ENJOY

Catchy Original, Told to Me, Stenographers, Railroad, Hotel Clerks, Hotel Lobby, Heard One the Other Day, Manicurist and Racing STORIES See the advertisement for "The Man with the Grip" on another page of this issue.

Please mention this paper when writing to advertisers.

## A KISS THAT WAS MIST.

AN element of real comedy crept into a tragic situation in "Anna Karenina," now touring, when that play was being presented at the Majestic Theater in New York. Albert Gran was bidding his sister, Virginia Harned as Anna, goodbye, which according to Russian custom called for a kiss first on one cheek and then on the other. At the cue he administered one kiss on the right cheek. Miss Harned for the moment forgot that she was in Russia and walked away, while her stage brother, controlled by the mechanics of his business, passionately placed the second kiss on empty air. A titter which threatened to break into uproar started the rounds of the front chairs, but the immediately succeeding pathos of the story checked it.

That evening, Miss Harned, as she was preparing for her entrance, remarked to the stage director:

"And if he shall smack you upon one cheek, turn to him the other also—*Scripture!*"



5 So they ran over to 10 East 23rd street (near by) and borrowed a small pair of steps. "Won't you need a larger pair to get to the top of the Flatiron Building?" ask the elevator man. "Oh, no," said the two street cleaners, "not in this case. Just step outside and watch us!"

## A FAIRY TALE IN MUSIC.

THE Girls of Holland," the fantastic musical play by Stanislaus Stange and Reginald De Koven, which the Shuberts had provided for Charles Bigelow and company, is a novel idea—the telling in music and comedy of a fairy tale based on an old Flemish legend. The piece is a blending of musical comedy and comic opera. Is in three acts, and has for its locale Flanders during the Spanish occupation in 1867. There is plentiful room for the blending of Spanish and Dutch costumes.

Vera Michelena, the prima donna, has a part which was originally written for her, and the supporting company was selected for excellence in this particular line of entertainment. But Bigelow has gone into vaudeville.



7 Somehow the steadying process wasn't all it should be, and with a crash, the unfortunate duster came to the earth. Fancy dropping from the top of the Flatiron Building that way—and smiling over it!

## IS THERE REALLY A JOHN SMITH?

WHEN the Dillon Brothers wrote "Every Little Bit Added to What You Got Makes Just a Little Bit More" they didn't intend it for a moral sermon on the art of saving, yet this is what a serious-minded school teacher of a Kansas town has taken it to be. Last week Helf & Hager, its publishers, received the following letter from a director of youthful minds:

Helf & Hager, New York City.  
Gentlemen:

A short time since I purchased a copy of your song "Every Little Bit Added to What You Got Makes Just a Little Bit More," and, although the vein in which it is written is decidedly humorous and the song is a trifle slangy, it contains so much good advice and so strongly pleads the cause of thrift that I have decided to incorporate it into the songs of my school: I am therefore asking you to send me thirty copies and a bill. Is there any way to have the slang slightly eliminated?

Hoping you will rush my order, I am  
Very truly,

JOHN SMITH,  
Grammar School No. 12.

Traveling Men's stories are always appreciated. See the ad. of "THE MAN WITH THE GRIP" on another page of this issue.



THE ARDENT TRAMP.

As a Wandering Willie Nat M. Wills has made himself pretty well known on the stage between Maine and California, and when he makes love to ladies of advanced age shrieks of laughter rend the air. Here is where the air is being rent in the aforesaid fashion.



6 The elevator man looked on with great interest, and was much surprised to find the steps were plenty high enough. One of the cleaners dusted the top of the building very daintily, while the other steadied the steps. But—

## GOOD STUFF FROM HUFFMAN.

MR. J. C. HUFFMAN, general dramatic stage director for the Shuberts, declared that the multitude hang on the shoulders of a few great artists. He said:

"Atmosphere and environment constitute nine-tenths of the dramas of to-day. It is not so much what a man can do as what he represents to the eye. It is the eternal demand for types, types, types! Most actors cannot represent anything but themselves. Therefore when a part is to be filled the manager does not look for an actor to play the part, but for an actor to look it. In casting a play last year that had a run of thirty weeks on Broadway, I rehearsed fifteen men to fill one part. Not one of them suited the particular role. They were all representative members of their profession, their experience was unbounded and the height of their attainment had been measured by many successful seasons, but try as I might I could not obtain the result for which I was struggling.

"On the shoulders of our really great artists hang the multitude whose living depends upon their competence. Real ability is a rarity, and it is a pleasure to be associated with an artist who has both the intuition and understanding."

31 Original Parodies on the 31  
Latest Popular Songs 31

See Madison's Budget advertisement on another page of this issue.



8 And then the lady whose skirt had been spoiled was kind enough to come on the scene and help them up. All's well that ends well, as they say in the 400.

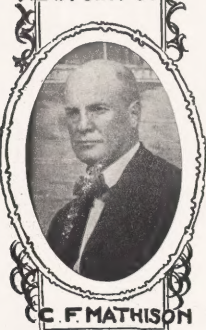
HOW HE LOOKS WHEN WRITING.  
David Belasco, always studious looking, appears still more so, when captured in the act of being bitten by the cacothous skribendi. It is an insect that attacks many of us more or less virulently, but the effects are good in Mr. Belasco's case. "The Grand Army Man," which is practically his play, has made a wonderful success at the new Stuyvesant Theater.

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# Who's Who in Sport

FROM THE  
VIEWPOINT OF



C. F. MATHISON

At regular intervals certain persons with a limited knowledge of the subject of pugilism swing their hats in the air, throw back their heads and yell:

"Hoory for John L. Sullivan, champion of the world, the greatest fighter that ever stepped into the ring, and who never in his life turned his back on an opponent, and who fought and beat every man of his time."

And John L., who is the undisputed champion heavyweight monologist of the earth, smiles and says "Yours Truly," in the way for which he is noted.

No one is better aware than Sullivan that he is not entitled to these extravagant encomiums, but he naturally is willing to use them as a box office asset, and therefore he smiles and murmurs "Yours Truly."

Sullivan knows full well that nothing could induce him to step into the ring with Peter Jackson, the greatest heavyweight pugilist of his time, and that Frank Slavin and Joe Goddard chased the mighty John L. all over the country, shaking money at him and demanding a match but without success. John L. also knows that he was beaten by Charley Mitchell in France and that a monetary consideration purchased a draw for him. John L. is also aware that he was getting a thorough whipping from Dominick Mc Caffrey in Cincinnati, and refused to come out of his corner at the end of the fifth round, a two the articles of agreement called for a bout lasting 6 rounds or to a finish.

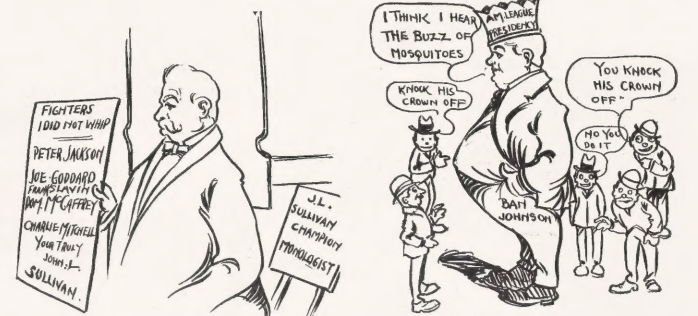
All of these things are well known to the students of pugilism, but many who have but a superficial knowledge of the game continue to acclaim the glories of John L. The latest outbreak of Sullivanmania is amusing. Here is a sample of it penned by a young man who has had plenty of opportunity to

learn the real facts, but will not do so: "Sullivan's title to the World's Championship has been much discount. But he was undoubtedly champion of America. He whipped Paddy Ryan for the title, and later beat Jake Kilrain for the world's championship in seventy-five desperate rounds. Kilrain had met the English champion Smith, in France, fighting him to a draw. Afterward Sullivan went to England with the intention of fighting Smith or any one he could get into a ring. He was introduced at the National Sporting Club, and immediately offered to fight Jim Smith. "If I don't knock you out in three rounds you can have all the money and I'll take the next bout back to America," said Sullivan. But Smith declined to accept the challenge. During Sullivan's stay in England Smith

and it must have interested him to hear of Sullivan's bluff.

It is not unlikely that Sullivan could have whipped Smith, who was a false alarm champion, but he never did whip him, and never challenged in a manner to obtain the title through the technicality of a forfeit. So John L. never was the champion of the world, and he was a poor American champion, for his greatest victory was over Jake Kilrain, a second rate if there ever was one.

But the able critic who asserts that Sullivan was champion of the world is not satisfied with that foolish claim. He returns to the subject and declares that the reason Sullivan was beaten by Corbett is that the big fellow was out of condition. Listen to him:



ONCE AGAIN THE MIGHTY JOHN L.

Frequently proclaimed the greatest fighter of the age, altho he sideslapt every good man of his time.

IS THERE TOO MUCH JOHNSON?

So it is claimed by some of the lesser lights in the American League, which threatens to put a ban on Ban.

sideslapt him, which, under the English custom, technically gave Sullivan the championship title."

Now that certainly is a fine argument to hand to people who know anything about boxing. Under the custom prevailing in the days of the London rules, if a man challenged, posted a forfeit, and the challenged person did not accept within 6 months, the latter forfeited. Sullivan did not challenge formally or post a forfeit, and technically Smith did not forfeit his title. But worse still for the Sullivan end of the argument, at the time that Sullivan made his bold defiance of Smith, the British champion was in strict training for a championship bout with Kilrain. Sullivan could only asked Smith to break training and go on with him in a bout at a time when the Briton was preparing for a bout with another boxer. Kilrain was also in training,

"Big John with Jim Corbett at New Orleans, in his last fight was fat and out of shape. In fact he could not get into very good condition then. He had drunk too much liquor in the days of his prosperity. Corbett slowly beat him down, and John L. rising long after the count was over, staggered to the ropes, turned his battered face toward the crowd and said: 'Gentlemen, I've fought one fight too many. I'm only glad that if I had to be beaten I'm beaten by an American.'"

Yes, indeed, he certainly did make a bad match that time. Sullivan figured before the bout that Corbett could not hit hard enough to hurt and that he would eventually get one of his "famous" wallops across. As to Sullivan being out of condition and fat, it is true that he was not physically so good as he had been, but he was strong and vigorous. I visited his training

quarters at Shinecock, L. I., and closely observed him. He was strong and active, and had all his hitting powers with him. This was proven by the fact that he stood up for 21 rounds of the most pitiless jabbing a man ever got in the ring. As a matter of plain fact, Sullivan never was a clumsy man. He was a big swaggering bluff, who beat a few nobodies, and never beat a good man in his life.

In defense of his failure to meet Peter Jackson, it is said that Sullivan drew the color line. Only in the case of Jackson. Sullivan and George Godfrey were striped and in a hall in Boston ready to fight when the police interfered. Parson Davies, who was present at the time, is authority for the statement.

So the chaps who are yelping themselves black in the face for Jackson might as well stop it. It is conceded that John is a great monologist, but that is all.

There is talk to the effect that the Lilliputians in the American League are preparing to kick out the giant, Ban Johnson, the man who organized the league and who by mastery work made

the successful rival of the National League. The American League would not last long after Ban Johnson left it. There would be a new league organized by Johnson, and it would push the two other majors to the wall. There is already talk that Johnson has begun to size up the American Association with a view to making a major league out of it, and the following from a western critic shows which way the wind blows:

"In spite of the fact that he rules the League with a hand of steel, there is anything but harmony in the organization. Comiskey and Johnson have not been friends for years, and the Stahl incident last season was the final straw. There is a feud between them now that will never be healed.

"Comiskey is planning to do all in his power to dethrone the big cigar, and it looks to me as if Johnson would be willing to be ousted. He is one of the

shrewdest men in baseball, and he would be the one man shrewd enough to see the possibilities that lie in a revolt of the American Association.

"The big North Side here is practically an unworked field of baseball profit. It is far from either park and is non-partisan. It would take to a new big league club in a jiffy, and especially the kind of a club that Johnson would be apt to put in there.

"And do not think there are not plenty of men to help him. Stahl, Donlan, Callahan and other baseball idols are disgruntled and have jumped the big leagues. Others would join them in a second if Johnson took hold of the new league."

The chances are that the American League will not try to oust Johnson, but if it does it will have cause to regret it.

There is one white heavyweight who is in no way afraid of Jack Johnson, the black bugaboo of the heavyweight division. No other white heavy could be induced to meet the black fellow, and he has been compelled to meet the second raters. But when Burns came back from England he says he will hunt up Mr. Johnson and get him into the ring. Burns said before he sailed for the old country:

"When I come back the first man I fight in America will be Johnson. I haven't much regard for him. He is big, but he isn't as big as he looks. I stood near him once and sized him up carefully. He has a big head and big hands and big feet on long thin legs. That's what makes him look big. His body isn't strong, and I'm satisfied that he has a yellow streak. He met me in a room in 'Prisco when the Squires match was being arranged. The room was full of newspaper men. Johnson challenged me and offered to make a \$10,000 side bet. I said 'I'll take you. Put up.' Johnson said he didn't carry as much as that around with him, but he'd post \$700 in cash and forfeit it if he didn't post the rest

the next day. He handed a roll of bills to a stakeholder. I sat right down and wrote out a check to cover my end of the bet, and Johnson grabbed his money from the man who was holding it and shoved it back into his pocket. He was only four-fifths. I'll give Johnson a fight, but I'll make terms. Gans demanded and got 80 per cent. with Keesic, win, lose or draw. I won't be that hard on Johnson, but I'll get mine."

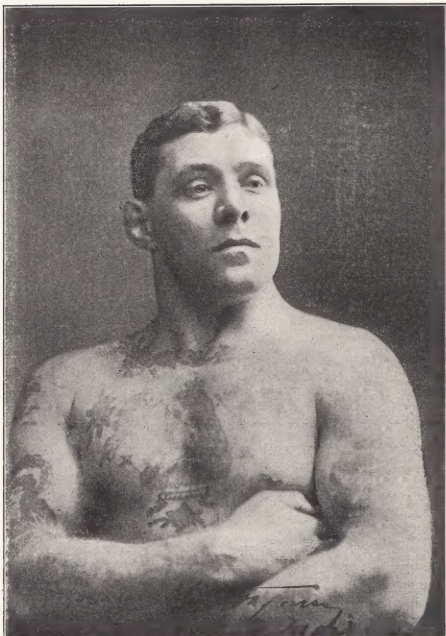
It is announced that Old Fox Griffith is considering the advisability of playing Hal Chase in the outfield. That is not unlikely. He sent Conroy, one of the best third sackers in the country, to the outfield, and it should surprise no one if he sends the best first baseman in the world to the outer garden. All he would then need to complete the scheme would be for the Old Fox himself to go behind the bat, put LaPorte on first base, make Jimmy Williams pitch, and put Hogg on second. Then he would capture the flag.

Brennan is said to be wanted in Cincinnati. By all means let him go. Then send Eiberfeldt to Washington, and New York will then be well rid of two men who have retarded the efforts of their club mates and brought Greater New York into disrepute all over the country.

Billy Delaney says the old time fighters were superior in all ways to the modern ones. He adds:

"The old timers were backward and bashful in comparison with our boys of to-day.

"Say, did you ever notice the funny poses they assumed in photographs? It wasn't that they fought that way or wanted to stand so, but they were forced by the camera man. The old timer went in and was told how to stand and if he didn't hold his head up and turn his flats up his picture wasn't taken. The camera men were



"WOULD YOU STROIKE A LYDY?"

Gunner Moir poses back dramatically as the fist of his opponent comes too near the tattooed presentment of the late Queen Victoria on his bosom.

bosoms then and handled the pups like a lot of children. Nowadays, the fighter goes in and not only tells the camera man how he wants to pose but tells him how to take the picture and do the whole job.

"Why, these fellows nowadays are full of business and gab. More business than fight by a great deal. Jack Dempsey, Sullivan, Kilrain or McAuliffe would fight a man for fun just to show that they were better fighters. Can you imagine Burns or O'Brien or any of these fighters doing that? Not on your life."

Billy is mistaken. Dempsey or McAuliffe might have fought for the fun of it, but not Sullivan or Kilrain. As a matter of plain fact, the bosses of the present are much better business men than the old timers and in any event the fighters of long ago could not

get the money that is offered nowadays to boxers. It is a good thing the methods in vogue in the days of the London rules have passed away.

Abe Attell has embraced the Roman Catholic faith, which is quite a jump for a Hebrew. In speaking of his change of faith the champion "said": "I have been greatly interested in my new religion since my marriage and decided upon this step only after much consideration. In the future I shall live up to the dogmas of my new faith to the best of my ability and intend to be guided in the future by the teachings of the religion I have lately embraced."

Now just imagine Attell, who expresses himself in a fire brand of Bowery choctaw, talking of "dogmas" and things of that sort.



BURNS WILL FIGHT JACK JOHNSON.

The American champion is the only white boxer who is willing to get into the ring with the man on whom Jeff drew the color line.

9 FUNNY MONOLOGUES 9  
On Current Topics  
of the Day.

See Madison's Budget adv. on another page of this issue.

Travel some, don't you? Yes?  
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THE MAN  
WITH THE GRIP  
with you on your next trip.  
It's a traveler's guide for the  
Metropolitan Cities.

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A REMARKABLE DEATH-BLOW

Was given to "The Step-Sister," the play by Charles Klein at the Garrick Theater, by the universal "roasting" given it all around. Yet there are not wanting many of the public who liked it. The first act had plenty of ginger, smart dialogue and amusing situations, and the audiences seemed pleased. Here is a flash-light of the second act, showing Frederick de Belleville as Captain Adolphe de Barget, Dorothy Dorr as Mrs. Hampton, Bruce McRae as J. Madison Tate; Chrystal Herne as Janet Chapin, and John Findlay as Corlieu. "The Step-Sister" was followed by "Artie."

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Schantz, Gertrude.  
Sanderson, Julia.  
Scheidt, Fritz.  
Schmann-Helak, Mue.  
Seabrook, Thos. Q.  
Shannon, Edna.  
Shattuck, Truly.  
Shannon, Cheriak.  
Skinner, Otto.  
Sothern, E. H.  
Spang, Elida.  
Stone, Amelia.  
Stone, Marzelen.  
Sykes, Jerome.  
Sylvia, Marguerite.  
Tallaferro, Mabel.  
Tangney, Eva.  
Tangney, Marie.  
Templeton, Jay.  
Tennant, Dorothy.  
Tilly, Vesta.  
Van Standford, Grace.  
Vassar, George.  
Walker, Charlotte.  
Walsh, Blanche.  
Wardell, David.  
Webb, Joe.  
Westbrook, Estelle.  
Williams, Mattie.  
Williams, Lottie.  
Worthing, Frank.  
Worthing, Frank.  
Worthing, Frank.  
Worthing, Frank.  
Worthing, Frank.



SHE IS A REAL ACTRESS NOW.

Edna Goodrich, who from being a merely astring-looking show girl, rose to be a real actress, with strong dramatic power—which Nat Goodrich taught her to display—has not yet shown Broadway said power, but we believe it, for Nat Goodrich says it's so.

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**FAKE FORTUNE GAME TRUE.**

A FEW years ago when H. Reeves-Smith, who is now playing in Ibsen's "The Master Builder" with Mue. Nazimova, at the Bijou in New York, was in "That Man and I," the press agent of the company, finding himself hard up for legitimate news, undertook a little imaginative creation along the inherited fortune line. He wrote that Mr. Smith had received a cable from a firm of London solicitors, advising him that they held a tidy sum of money at his disposal, bequeathed by a distant relative. The story landed in the metropolitan press and was sent out by wire through the country. The press agent shook hands with himself.

But three weeks later Mr. Smith actually received a letter from a London solicitor, informing him that his aunt had left six hundred pounds, immediately at his disposal. Now Mr. Smith is looking for another press agent who will influence another legacy.

## Don't You Want to Be Perfect Physically

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Tells step by step the results of practical experiments in diet, dress, bathing and exercise. It treats of the general care of the body, hair, teeth, nails and skin, increasing and decreasing of weight, the strengthening of weaknesses, what to avoid in exercise and diet, improvement of the neck, nose and features, light in the eye, and making the flesh firm, shows you how to get quick and permanent physical results. Forty beautiful half-tones illustrate over 125 exercises for the symmetrical development of the entire body. Handsome cloth binding, 200 pages. The regular price of this book alone is \$2.00. The other five books are an essential part of the course, and are the leading authorities on those subjects. The regular price is 25 cents each, but we are enabled to include them in this extraordinary liberal arrangement with Prof. Barker. No Apparatus Whatever Needed. The Course Will Not Conflict in the Least With Your Daily Routine!

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## IN "THE RIGHT OF WAY."

Klaw & Erlanger's production of the dramatization of Sir Gilbert Parker's remarkable novel, Paula Gloy takes the part of Suzon. The whole play does not turn on Suzon, but Paula Gloy doesn't object to that; she is content to be just Suzon. And Klaw & Erlanger are glad to have Paula be Suzon.

## CARLOTTA A FARMER NOW.

CARLOTTA NILSSON, who is starring in "The Three of Us" under the management of Walter N. Lawrence, has inherited a farm. This farm is on the outskirts of the town of Black

River Falls, Wisconsin, in the vicinity where Miss Nilsson passed much of her girlhood.

The lawyer who sent the notification of the inheritance to Miss Nilsson's attorney stated that the farm consisted of seventeen acres; and that the build-



## WOULDN'T ANY FAMILY BE HAPPY

If Dorothy Turner were a member of it! Of course it would. The mere idea of having Dorothy in the family is exciting in itself. It is to be hoped that Joe Hart appreciates the blessing, for it is in his vaudeville company playing "A Happy Family" that Dorothy appears. Dorothy has beautiful Irish eyes, and her smile is intoxicating.

ings included a furnished house and a large barn. Besides hens and ducks, there are two horses, five cows, two pigs—and a prosperous litter of little pigs.

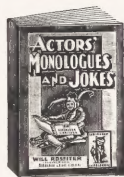
Miss Nilsson says that, so far as she can recall the farm, which belonged to an old maiden aunt, it can have little monetary value. However, she played on it as a girl—before she ever heard of New York or had the faintest idea of what it means to be a dramatic star—and for her the place is rich with a wealth of tender memories. The actress will retain possession until she has a chance to see for herself whether the estate may not be desirable for a summer retreat. Unless she can utilize the place she will deed it to her aunt's

two old serving-people as a reward for their faithfulness.

## OURS MERRILY.

Yes, this is John R. Rogers, once the husband and again the husband of Minnie Palmer. Mr. Rogers has not deserted the managerial arena, nor does he intend to. He proposes to launch his wife on the stage again!

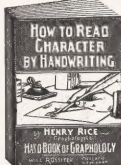
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**A SWAYING, SWIRLING, SWINGING, SWELL, SWAGGER SWISH, SWEEPING SWIFTLY**

OVER THE SURFACE OF THE STAGE AT THE CASINO THEATER, IN "THE GAY WHITE WAY," BETOKENS THE PRESENCE OF THE EIGHT PRIMROSE GIRLS, WHO ARE AS ENGLISH AS THEY MAKE 'EM, AND MAYBE MORE. THE EIGHT PRIMROSE GIRLS DANCE LIKE FURY, AND THE WHIRL OF CONSEQUENT LINGERIE LOOKS LIKE A COLORED SNOWSTORM AT THE SUMMIT OF THE ANDES. SO FULL OF GINGER AND INITIATIVE ARE THESE LITTLE BRITONNESSES THAT ONLY THE DROP OF THE CURTAIN PREVENTS THEM DANCING FOREVER, AND KEELY'S MOTOR FADES AWAY ABASHT AT THEIR SUPERIOR POWERS OF PERPETUAL MOTION. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT THEY ARE: DOTTY DUVAL, MARY HUGHES, FLOSSY BELL, SISSIE SHUTTON, RITA MASON, DOROTHY WEST, KITTY BELL AND NANCY SIMPSON.

## HAVE YOU?

Bagging Cheeks or Face.  
Drawing Mouth Corners.  
Flabby Neck. Buggy Chin.  
Bulging or Withered Skin.  
Projecting Ears. Thick Lips.  
Blotched or Faded Face.  
Imperfect Nose, any kind.

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M Warts, Veins, Moles.  
O Superfluous Hair.  
V Red Nose, Blisters.  
E Skin or Scalp Disorders.

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E Mouth-to-Nose Lines.  
T Flabby Eyelids or "Bags."

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## "HE SHOOK WITH LAUGHTER"

## SMART PORTER.

Recently one of the railroad companies inaugurated a rule that servants of the company should not accept gratuities from the public. Shortly after the publication of this rule the general manager alighted at a little junction station away in the heart of the country. The railroad dignitary was returning alone from a fishing expedition, and was well burdened with baggage of various kinds.

The porter at this station proved a perfect paragon and waited upon the traveler with the utmost possible politeness. He immediately gathered together all the traveler's traps and said that he would look after them well until the departure of the branch train, when he would see that they were duly handed over to their owner.

Impressed with the porter's alacrity and courtesy, the general manager handed him a fairly good tip, which was accepted with expressions of gratitude and evident pleasure. After a little while the official went up to the porter and introduced a conversation. "Do you happen to know who I am?" he inquired.

"Indeed I don't, sir; I haven't the slightest idea," was the ready reply.

"Well, I'm the general manager of this railroad, and I suppose you know that there's an order in your rule book which speaks in the plainest possible terms against taking tips from passengers."

"Begging your pardon, sir," responded the porter, "it says we are not to take gratuities from the public, but there's nothing in the rule book at all against our taking such a gift from a fellow-servant."

## FIXING HIM.

"CAN I talk to you a few minutes?" asked the life insurance agent.

"Yes," replied the managing editor, "if you don't mind walking about the building with me. I really haven't the time to sit down."

"That's all right," said the agent. "I prefer that, really."

The managing editor led the way out to the composing-room, thence into the telephone department, stopping every moment or two to converse with some operative, and took his caller at last into the machine-room, where the huge printing machines were filling the air with their unearthly din.

"Now," he said, yelling into the ear of the life insurance man, "I am ready to listen to you. Go ahead."

## ALL OF THEM.

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE—"Poor man! So you used to be an actor? Did you ever play in 'Hamlet'?"

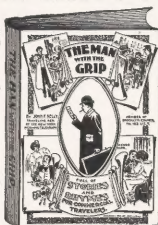
THE MAN AT THE DOOR—"I should say so! Why, we played in every hamlet from Maine to California."

Every Member of the Order of United Commercial Travelers and Every Traveling Man and Woman should read  
**JACK KELLY'S BOOK**

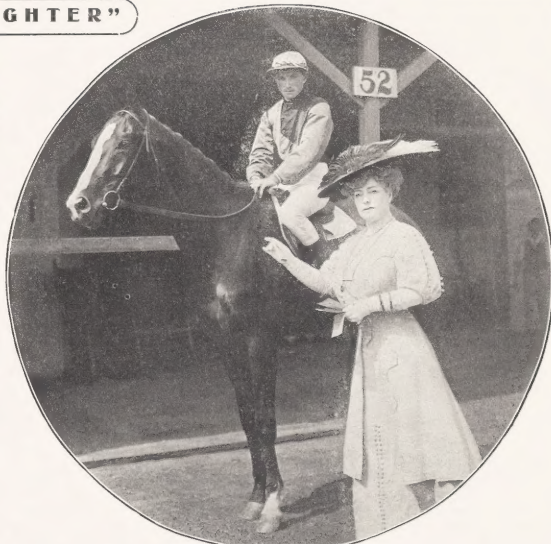
## THE MAN WITH THE GRIP

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Member of Brooklyn Council  
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HERE SHE IS.

Yes, this is Lillian Russell, in her new play, "Wildfire," which has been on the road since its opening, and which New York is awaiting with ill-concealed impatience. New York always was inclined to conceal its impatience; the book presidents will tell you, but "Wildfire" won't come here until its road tour is finished. The sale of Miss Russell's effects at auction some days ago aroused a rumor that she was in need of money, but the actress denied it. She explained that as she expected to be out of the city for some time, she saw no necessity of keeping in storage a lot of "trunk." "Wildfire" has achieved a moderate success to date.

## ADVICE.

It was his first client, who was a better-known than respected burglar. In an interval he approached a veteran member of the bar and sought for advice.

"And how long do you think I ought to make my speech to the jury, sir?" he finished up.

"I should say about an hour," said the old hand.

"An hour! Why, I thought ten minutes would be ample! Why so long?"

"Well," said his adviser, "you see, they can't sentence him till you're thru, and the longer you talk the longer he'll be out of jail!"

## OVERPAID.

Since he knows nothing about the business John D. Rockefeller must admit that he is shamefully overpaid.—*Courier-Journal.*

## CARELESS.

THE YOUNG DOCTOR—Just think—six of my patients recovered this week. OLD DOCTOR—It's your own fault, my boy. You spend too much time at the club.

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and enclose ten cents for that little book of argument settlers "CONDENSED FACTS IN UNITED STATES HISTORY," from 1492 to the opening of the Jamestown Exhibition. Containing names and history of the presidents from Washington to Roosevelt; signs of the Declaration of Independence; the full history of the American flag and every item of importance in United States history. Book is made up in pocket size, and arranged in a manner easy to memorize. Sent prepaid for ten cents in stamps or coin. Special terms and exclusive territory given to agents. Address

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## THE RIGHT QUALITY.

PROBENCE—I can't understand why  
Ethel married Mr. Gusem. He is old  
enough to be her father.

LAWRENCE—Yes; but he is rich  
enough to be her husband.—Judge.

## THAT OFFICE TOWEL.

OFTEN we think of the printing-office towel. It was a  
beautiful towel to gaze upon when it was fresh and clean  
on Monday morning, for then it was a yard wide and as  
sweet as a lily. But by Monday evening it had the office-  
boy's finger-marks on it, and they were more plainly im-  
pressant than any footprints that were ever made on the sands  
of Time.

On Monday it was fit to wipe your face on for fifteen  
minutes after being put up. On Tuesday it was a hand-  
towel—that is, it would clean a printer's hands and soil  
anyone else's. On Wednesday it would put a patent leather  
shine on a pair of brown leather shoes. And then it got  
thin, too, and then it got thinner, until it almost looked like  
a shoe-string.

On Friday the towel was so black that you could run it  
over a galley and pull a proof. On Saturday it was wrung  
out into the ink-bottle, and then used in the press-room for  
betting.

One Saturday afternoon a compositor had a headache and  
tied it around his head. Oxalic acid would not take the  
black off, and he had to dye his red hair black to escape  
ridicule. Then a farmer bought it and took it home. He  
used it to roof his cowshed.

## TOO MUCH.

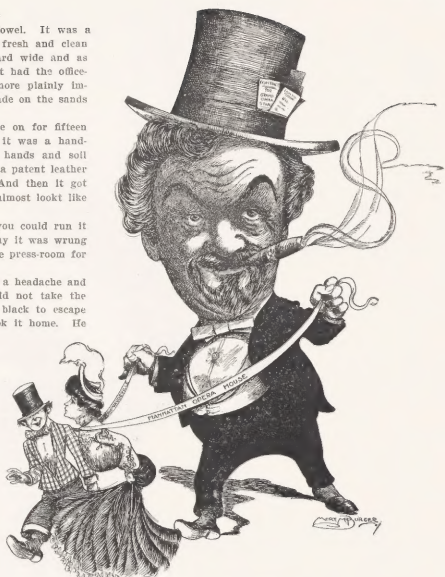
"Sir," said the tramp, "I have not  
tested food for seven days; another half  
an hour of fasting and I must die!"

"Then," exclaimed the philanthropist,  
"you shall live. Take this ticket; it  
will admit you, in my stead, to a  
sumptuous banquet; course after course,  
meats, wines, and dessert—a feast three  
hours long; glorious company—Mr.  
Talkforhours, Mr. Toofew, Mr. Long-  
yarn, and other eminent men."

"Will there be any after-dinner  
speeches?" asked the starving one.

"Columns of 'em," said the philan-  
thropist.

Then the tramp handed back the  
ticket and crawled wearily away into a  
silent timber-yard to die.



A WONDERFUL DRIVER.

Oscar Hammerstein isn't bothered by holding two different kinds of  
trouters at the same time—not he!

## A SIGN.

"Do you think that music is of any  
practical benefit?"

"Well," replied the cynic, "judging  
from the photographs of eminent violin-  
ists, it must keep the hair from falling  
out!"

## TAKING HIM UP.

MR. JAWBACK—The biggest idiots al-  
ways seem to marry the prettiest  
women.

Mrs. JAWBACK—Now, they're trying to  
flatter me.—Cleveland Leader.

## PART OF IT.

EDITH—You ought to have heard  
Mr. Huggins's ringing speech last night.

MAY—Why, I wasn't aware that he  
could make a speech.

EDITH—Well, I can't repeat the  
speech, but I can show you the ring.



A LITTLE CARMEN.

Irma Monti Baldini appears in the Klaw & Erlanger "ad-  
vanced vaudeville" in a condensed version of "Carmen."  
When she comes to New York we will see something new  
in the fervor line, for Irma Monti doesn't crawl thru the part!



PLAYS AN INTRIGUER.

In "The Merry Widow" Lola Essel gives a particularly  
charming portrayal of Natalie, the flirtatious wife of the  
Moravian Ambassador Popoff, her blonde beauty making all  
the men jealous of the favored De Jolidon, whom she loves.

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A BEAUTIFUL VOICE TEMPORARILY RETIRED.

Mary Winder was to have appeared with "The Merry Widow," the successful Viennese opera now playing at the New Amsterdam Theater, but during the rehearsals her friends persuaded her not to go on the stage, and she decided to take their advice. She went back home to the land of cotton. Miss Winder has a pretty soprano and made a fine picture as one of the Maxim girls in "The Merry Widow." She may change her mind again.

## PIG VS. MILLIONAIRE.

(See picture on page 19.)

THE Sunday crowds in Central Park the other afternoon gazed in amazement at the spectacle of a pretty girl in an electric runabout, speeding along in the automobile parade with a fine fat healthy pig sitting in the automobile beside her. The young woman was Marie Louise Gribbon, an actress, and rumor says that she took the pig for an ailing in order to emphasize a change of mind which has taken place in regard to a certain Pittsburg millionaire, with whom she has been automobiling in the park on previous Sundays. If the millionaire was there and saw his successor upon the seat of an automobile with Miss Gribbon, his feeling would, no doubt, make an interesting chapter for a column of "advice to the lovelorn."

Miss Gribbon is the prima donna of "Neptune's Daughter" at the Hippodrome, and the pig she chose for her unique exploit is also one of the actors at the Hippodrome, named Phoebe. Miss Gribbon owns an electric runabout, a present, it is said, from the Pittsburg millionaire. Miss Gribbon and the westerner have been seen in

the park many times together. Last week the friends of the prima donna learned that she had dismissed her admirer abruptly. Yesterday Miss Gribbon rode in her runabout to the Hippodrome, and asked Clyde Powers, the custodian of the pig, for the loan of Phoebe. Mr. Powers helped Phoebe into the automobile, and the prima donna and her strange companion drove to Central Park. The strange combination of the fat pig, with a pink ribbon around its neck, sitting beside the pretty girl in the automobile attracted much attention. After making a circuit of the park, presumably casting a glance of scorn in the direction of a certain Fifth Avenue hotel, where the Pittsburg millionaire is supposed to be staying, Miss Gribbon returned to the Hippodrome and Phoebe was once more put in the stable. "I am sure I enjoyed myself riding with the pig much more than I would while riding with certain people I could name," said Miss Gribbon, when asked about the incident. "There are some nice things about pigs. They cannot talk, for instance, I don't think they are so much worse looking than some men I have seen, and when you are tired of a pig, you can get rid of him without difficulty."

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HOUSE, West New Brighton, N. Y.

Travel some, don't yawn! Yes!  
Well, take a copy of "THE MAN  
WITH THE GRIP" with you on  
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## MEN! DON'T PASS THIS BY!

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## STUDIED THE REAL THING.

**L**AURA NELSON HALL, who is Mrs. Patrick in "The Coming of Mrs. Patrick," has the role of a professional nurse. Miss Hall believes in knowing precisely what she is about and, instead of merely imagining what it must be like to work as a nurse, she has recently visited several of the large hospitals in the city.

"I have been so disgustingly well myself that I have to borrow my sick experience," says Miss Hall. "I saw an operation at the Roosevelt Hospital the other day—and now I know what sort of a woman a good nurse must be, to be able to endure such things as that and at the same time never to become so hardened as to lose her sympathy. I didn't faint—and so I felt I acquitted myself admirably for a beginner. The nurse who assisted the doctors was just such a nurse as I would like to be in real life; and such a nurse as I shall try my best to be upon the stage."

Yet Laura fainted the other day at a rehearsal!

## KEENEY'S THEATRE.

**A** GOOD comedy bill is Manager Keene's holiday offering this week. He has arranged for an array of novelty numbers, among which is the world famous minstrel star and clever comedian, Eddie Leonard, with his own big company, presenting the great scenic novelty sketch, "In the Land of Cotton." Waterbury Brothers and Tenny, vaudeville's masterly musical comedians; The Eight (8) Juggling Johnsons will make their initial bow to a Brooklyn audience in many mystifying feats; Howard and Howard, first time this side of the big bridge this season; The Perry Sisters present their new skit, entitled, "Chorus Life."

## DIDN'T WANT MUCH.

**A** FARMER went into the store of one of his neighbors and asked him if he didn't want to trade.

"Watchgott?" said the storekeeper. The man ran his hand into his coat pocket and pulled out an egg. "This," said he.

"One alg?" said the storekeeper. "And what you want for that?"

"Waal," drawled the man, "you can gimme a couple of knittin' needles for it, can't yer?"

"Oh that's all," said the storekeeper, "I reckon I kin."

The man received the knitting needles, and, looking up at the storekeeper, he said: "Aren't you going to treat?" (The custom of the vicinity demands a treat whenever a swap of any kind is made.)

"Well," said the storekeeper, "what do you want?"

**J.P.** Those suffering from weak-knees which sap the pleasures of life should take Juvén Pills. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating vitality than has ever before been offered. Sent post-paid in plain package only on receipt of this advt. and 10c.  
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## BOUND TO "TOM JONES."

Louise Gunning had a contract with the Shuberts which allowed her, if she didn't like her part, to return to the Percy Williams vaudeville circuit, but her contract with Mr. Savage in "Tom Jones" allows no such loop hole, and anyway she doesn't want it. So we'll see Louise in the masterly comic arrangement of Fielding's novel.

Have you read  
"The Man With  
the Grip?"

Do you care to laugh  
—that is, to laugh  
heartily? MADI-  
SON'S HUGGET  
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den or studio  
with photos of  
prominent Actors  
and Actresses. The  
list and prices we  
show in this issue.

## ANOTHER "TOM JONESER."

Laura Butler, whose face is one of the prettiest on the stage, is also to be found in this cast of this opera. She was long with Francis Wilson, when he "sang."

## BE EVERY INCH A MAN

Our new Scientific Appliance makes small or shrunken parts large & strong and permanent. It restores full vigor & vital power without drugs or medicine. Nature's own method of supplying blood where needed. \$5 by express prepaid or C.O.D. with charges added. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Booklet FREE. Gray Vaseau Co., 215 Webster Bldg., Chicago.

"Oh, I'm not particular," said the man. "Oh, me a drink o' sherry." So the storekeeper handed out a bottle of sherry and a glass.

"Help yourself."

The man thought a moment and then said, solemnly: "I never drink sherry without breakin' an alg in it."

"Well, upon mah soul!" thought the storekeeper. But he handed him the egg he had just received and said: "Here's yuh alg; you kin have it."

The man broke the egg into the glass of sherry, and in doing so discovered that the egg had two yolks. He drained the glass, smacked his lips, pronounced it a fine drink, and then said to the storekeeper:

"You know, you ought to gi' me two more knittin' needles, don't you?"

"Why?" asked the storekeeper, perplexed.

"Because," said the man, "that alg o' mine had two yolks.—Harper's Weekly."

## HUMOR IN BUSINESS.

At the recent Business Show at Madison Square Garden, one of the exhibitors, in a facetious mood, handed out the following to the visitors:

## OUR OFFICE RULES.

1. Gentlemen upon entering will leave the door wide open or apologize.  
2. Those having no business should remain as long as possible, take a chair and lean against the wall; it will preserve the wall and may prevent its falling upon us.  
3. Gentlemen are requested to smoke, especially during office hours; tobacco and cigars of the finest brands will be supplied.

4. Split on the floor, as the apitons are for ornaments.  
5. Talk loud or whistle, especially when we are engaged. If this has not the desired effect, sing.

6. If we are in a business conversation with any one, gentlemen are requested not to wait until we are through, but join in as we are particularly fond of speaking to half a dozen or more at a time.

7. Put your feet on the tables, or lean against the desk; it will be of great assistance to those who are writing.  
8. Persons having no business to transact will call often or excuse themselves.

9. Should the loan of money be desired, do not fail to ask for it, as we do not require it for business purposes but merely for the sake of lending.

10. If you see anything in the office that you would like to have as a souvenir, help yourself; take it without asking; don't be bashful.

11. Profane language is at all times expected, especially if ladies are present.

## THEATER.

## PASTOR'S

Continuous Performance Every Week Day 12 Noon until 11 P. M.  
PASTOR'S ALL THE STARS PASTOR'S FLAT AT  
A Visit to New York is not complete without it includes a visit to Pastor's.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five Cents a bottle. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Special Number 1028.

# FROM COAST TO COAST

## SOME TALES OF THE TIRELESS TOURISTS TOLD BY THE MAN WITH THE GRIP

Do you make the West, and if so did you ever run into D. B. Blanton, who represents the house of M. C. Flora & Bro., of New York? Blanton is a Brooklynite and a captain in the Twenty-third Regiment. We met at the Powers in St. Paul and had a few—er, minutes' conversation together. I said to the Captain:

"Is it H. Catin, that we traveling men who hail from the City of Churches never register as from Brooklyn, New York?" to which the Captain replied:

"New York comes before Brooklyn with me, even on the return home."

### BROADWAY.

It is not all bright on the street of light, It is not all pleasure and gay. Many a heart plays a heavy part On the street that turns night into day. There many a soul roared the flowing bowl And drank with his friends gaily. Where many a "friend" no money will lead

To those who can "buy" no more. There's many a girl in the busy whirl, That longs for the old freddie. And many a man through fortune ran Who has lost his good standing and pride. There are many ex-ports who at times opened quarts.

Who want a cent to their name. There are many "has been" wielder of brush and pen, Who fell through the old boozing game.

W. J. Conroy, alias "Bill," is on the coast for the U. T. Hummerford Brass Co. My, how we miss him at our after-meeting talks, usually held where we can order just what suits our appetites in the way of edibles and the kind of fluid that go well with solids. Bill's the candy kid in the story line, is Bill, and is rightly entitled to his reputation as a good story teller of stories that he can carry home after the bunch breaks up.

Spaces would not permit of telling all the stories. Bill Conroy told us one night in the College Inn in Chicago. All were good, and among them was the one of the travelling man who became acquainted with his wife because their parrot on the drummer's return home yelled out, "Hello Jack, old boy!" when the travelling man's name was Tom.

The Hon. Herman A. Metz, Comptroller of the City of New York, prior to his assuming the above office sold goods on the road, and to-day controls his trade. True, he receives his orders by mail, as he has not the time to jump out, sample cans in hand and get the orders. Metz's home is the H. A. Metz Chemical Company, New York, who thought he should not be neglected, even if Metz did go into politics. Metz, the Comptroller saying that if he was not called on for the order, he, the customer, would send it direct to the house and would not care whether H. A. Metz got the commission or not. As Herman A. Metz is in pretty soft with the H. A. Metz Chemical Company, New York's Comptroller sold a good chance of getting the commission.

"Good morning James," said the man who is always dressed in the latest fashion.

"Good morning, sir," replied the cynical bartender of the Metropole cafe

"May I address you in a confidential matter, James?" asked Mr. Fashionplate.

"You may," replied the cynical bartender, as he watched the man of fashion lean toward the bar.

"Well, James," began the first speaker, "I am a little short of ready cash, and if you could—"

"You don't look like a man that's broke," interrupted the cynical bartender.

"As I was saying," continued the gentleman who has not as yet won Jim's confidence, "my financial affairs are such that for the present I am entirely out of ready."

"That's a pretty pin you've got there," said Jim, as he turned to reach for the Three Star Bottle.

go into a pawn shop, let me have it and I'll send Coogan the porter around with it. He's as honest as the sun, even if—"

"But I cannot spare my pin, James," answered the man, now fully nettled. "No, I say ten dollars," answered the cynical bartender.



The Silver Grid-Wallack's Theater.

GERALD—There was that same character that is so annoying in "comedy dramas" and "musical comedies" these days.

GERALDINE—I know what you mean—the Richard Hunter of Edwin Nicander.

GERALD—Exactly so. Why on earth will playwrights introduce these hodievid youth into a story—boys who

chorus of some song like "Wouldn't You Like to Tickle Me Under the Chin" No, here is the real thing.

GERALDINE—Donald Brian looks like a romantic hero, too.

GERALD—Yes, with a modern touch. He represents his part. You don't see a modern actor in a story with stage clothes on him, but you see a young "Marsovian" leading a dissolute life in Paris, and filled with the spirit that would animate just such a semi-barbarian as the Eastern Europeans are.

GERALDINE—R. E. Graham isn't a hit like what he is in "Florodora."

GERALD—No, his art has improved. The Savage state management has effected the improvement.

GERALDINE—That extraordinary wait, Gerald—did you ever hear music that suggested more?

GERALD—Ah, it shone with what some writer has called the poetry of passion. And it lost nothing with Donald Brian and Ethel Jackson dancing to it. No wonder it set the susceptible Viennese by the ears—and the feet.

GERALDINE—Fred Fox was funny.

GERALD—In an easy way.

The Hayden-Kinkerbocker Theater.

GERALDINE—I didn't like that Frenchman, but he was the only thing I didn't like. The rest of it was nice.

GERALD—It opened up in a cut-and-dried style, but the beginning of the second act warmed things up, and it added on to the end with a delightful rapidity.

GERALDINE—Do you remember that little bit of music at the beginning of the second act, where those four girls in white boots danced? How pretty it was—I wish I could remember how it went.

GERALD—Part of the score, merely, but it was pretty. The music to the "Finishing School" song was original and new. I see the music is by John L. Golden and Robert Hood Brown. It would be interesting to know who wrote it.

GERALDINE—Why didn't Elsie Janis give more of her imitations?

GERALD—Good heavens, how many more did you want? She gave plenty. Elsie's imitations are the best of any seen on the stage nowadays, but they are a feature one can easily have too much of. The management have drawn the line at just the right place.

GERALDINE—What a pretty girl Kathrya Hutchinson is.

GERALD—She has improved greatly since the days of "The Wild Rose," and shows a considerable more vivacity and spunk. The show girls of course all look alike. It really is remarkable how alike show girls can look without trying.

### CORRESPONDENTS WANTED.

The person in every town at present represented (see copy) on the Board Dept. is sure to be appointed. ARE YOU THAT person? If you are, send us a copy of this publication an intimate theatrical publication, representing theatricals in every part of the country, to secure this result we will send our credential card to one applicant in every town containing a theater, and it will only be necessary for the bearer thereof to send up a "check" report of the attractions to appear. You will also be the first to send up your application. Address: Editor, THE STANDARD, 10-12 East 23d St., New York.

Please mention this paper when writing to advertisers.



ONLY A HALF SISTER

Is Thelma Rose, in "The Dairymaid," but such a pretty one that she couldn't be any better looking if she were a white one. Miss Kaye takes the part of Helene in this very successful musical comedy at the Criterion Theater.

"Yes, James," answered the man of strained circumstances, "but to get back to the subject at issue, I have got to meet a bill to-day, and must have at least—"

"And those are swell cut buttons, too," added Jim.

"If you will permit me, James," said the weaver of the finest cut in clothes, "I will finish the explanation and the request that I was to make."

"Very well, sir," answered the ever polite dispenser of liquid joy.

"Let me see," said Jim's would be loan funder, "I got as far as saying, that, to be plain with you, Jim, I am broke and must raise ten dollars. Could you let me have that amount for a few days?"

Jim did not make an immediate reply. For an instant he looked the man squarely in the eye and asked:

"Ten dollars from a man like me, when a man like you is wearing a pin the value of which would support a poor family for a month? No sir, not for me. Take off your pin and realize on that. Or, if you are ashamed to

don't look like men, who are not yet supposed to be men, but who have men's speeches? What people in the audience are they supposed to cater to? That's what I want to know.

GERALDINE—Girls of the same age, I suppose. But what did you think of the play as a whole?

GERALD—It's hard to believe that it was written by the author of "The Prince Chimp."

The Merry Widow—New Amsterdam Theater.

GERALD—Real opera?

GERALDINE—How smoothly the story seemed to work itself out.

GERALD—That's what I mean. It's real opera, because the story and the music both work themselves out without apparent effort. Isn't it a disgusting thing that we can't originate works like "The Merry Widow" in this country? Even if the original story is coherent, the stage manager goes to work, and breaks it up with a bunch of show girls or dancers as an accompaniment to the

## GETTING INTO HOT WATER IS A BAD THING, BUT NOT WHEN THE WATER ISN'T!



1 Estelle all right, all right! But Estelle was quite unconscious—until the time that she hadn't a thousand dollars in the Private Louis Trust Company. Her sister Edith tiptoed gently thru the door with a kettle of water with steam issuing from the spout.



2 Walking quietly up Edith held the kettle of water over Estelle without attracting her attention. There was a good scare coming for Estelle all right, all right. But Estelle was quite unconscious—until the water fell on her shoulders!



3 Then she turned around and feeling the liquid on her skin and seeing the smoke she screamed and said: "I'm boiled to death! I'm boiled to death!"



4 And grasping the kettle she cried to her sister: "You cruel thing—how dare you torment me so? Do you want to kill me? Where is the joke? I'll show you!"



DO YOU RECOGNIZE THE ASTOR HOTEL LOBBY IN THIS PICTURE?

It is a flashlight of the second act of "The Talk of New York," George M. O'Han's play, which is being performed at the Colonial Theater in Chicago. Victor Moore is the star of the piece, and is seen paying a messenger boy in front. "The Talk of New York" resembles "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway."



## "A Full Line of Goods"

is the title of a new DEN PICTURE just published.

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FIG. VS. MILLIONAIRE.

For explanation of this picture see page 15.



5 Estelle seized the kettle and poured the water over Edith. She couldn't understand why Edith didn't scream instead of smiling gently until—



6 Edith explained that the water wasn't hot at all. She had puffed some cigarette smoke in it while out in the kitchen. Such is the power of imagination!



THE SHOW GIRLS IN "THE HOYDEN."

Lelia Benton, Lottie Vernon, Clara Pitt, Dorothy Williams and Marjorie Norton come first, followed by Nellie Beaumont, who is Rita Sanlaclert in the piece. Then come Evelyn Mitchell, Jane Rogers, Nita Pierson, May Emory, Ella Rich, Eleanor Penndleton and Elise Steele. "The Hoyden" is at the Knickerbocker Theater and is the musical play in which Elsie Janis reappears before the New York public. Miss Beaumont is here singing a corking good song called "Advertising."

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READ OVER THE OFFER ON PAGE 9—AND WRITE US!

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